Cambria Freeman.

M. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, MAY 21, 1875. NUMBER 18.

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The celebrated author, in this admirable Essay, clearly demonstrates, from a thirty years' successful practice, that the alarming consequences of self-abuse may be radically cured without the dangerous use of internal medicine or the application of the knife; pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

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AN APPEAL will be held at the Treasurer's Office, in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 7th day of JUNE next, at 2 o'clock, P. M.

D. A. LUTHER,
May 10, 1872. Mercantile Appraiser.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of CATHARINE TODD, dec'd.

Letters of Administration have been granted to the undersigned, by the Register of Cambria county, on the estate of CATHARINE TODD, late of Ebensburg Borough, Cambria county, dec'd. All persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims are requested to present them duly probated for settlement.

JAMES MYERS, Administrator.
Ebensburg, April 23, 1875-6t.

ESTATE NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of P. L. LINTON, late of Ebensburg, Cambria county, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment of their respective accounts must be made forthwith, and those having claims against the same will present them in a satisfactory shape for settlement.

L. H. LINTON.
Ebensburg, April 9, 1875.-6t.

[ORIGINAL.]

LINES TO MY DEAR COUSIN MARY,

ON BEING PRESENTED BY HER WITH A BOQUET OF FLOWERS.

Beautiful flowers, that bloomed in a far-off land,
And culled for me by a loving hand!
Tho' I prize ye much for your beauty fair,
Ye are still more dear for the friendship rare,
That sent ye here in your beauty to be
A token of love sincere to me.

Beautiful flowers, ye're to all a pleasure,
But to me ye are a priceless treasure;
'Minding me o'er, when on ye I gaze,
Of other and happier days;
Telling me, too, in a voiceless way
I'm remembered by one who is far away.

Beautiful flowers, it saddens my heart
To think that your loveliness soon must depart—
That naught will be left when your beauty is fled
Save a few pale leaves, withered and dead;
Oh! emblems ye are of life and its joys,
Which Death and Time so soon destroys.

Beautiful flowers, in your fast-fading sweetness
Ye're like to earth's pleasures' fleetness;
To-day ye are blooming fresh, fragrant and fair;
To-morrow ye'll be numbered 'mongst things that once were.
Thus oft the hopes and the joys of to-day
On the morrow are doomed to fail and decay.

But, beautiful flowers, tho' your loveliness perish
Still, will I fondly your withered leaves cherish;
Yes, e'en scentless and withered, ye still will be,
For the sake of the *donor*, dear unto me;
And often I know will my pale, dead flowers
'Mind me of *her*, and of past happy hours.

For your beautiful flowers, then, Mary dear,
Accept the return of my thanks sincere,
And I pray that God upon you bestow
The choicest of blessings here below;
That He one day, in Heaven's own bowers,
May crown your brow with immortal flowers.

MINNIE MYRTLE.

REBECCA, THE DRUMMER.

A True Story of the War of 1812.

It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement in the village. It was a British war-ship. What would she do? Would she tack about in the bay to pick strange coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

Those were sad days, those old war times in 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had no monitors to go and sink the enemy or drive him off. Our navy was small, and, though we afterwards had the victory and sent the troublesome ships away, never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the little village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

It was a fishing-place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannons.

The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours; and all the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ship and to see what would happen next.

On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor, stood the little white tower known as Scituate Light. In the house behind the Light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared, the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter, Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Windsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

Rebecca had discovered the ship, while she was up in the light-house tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

For an hour or two the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again, and made for the shore. Men, women and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung around at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant to save anything it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay carts, and carried away.

It was no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and if the people made a stand among the houses, that would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

As the tide spread out over the sandy flat it filled the harbor so that, instead of a small channel, it became a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. Not much to think of either while the war-ship crossed and recrossed before the harbor mouth.

About two o'clock the tide reached high water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half a mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

Ah! then there was confusion and uproar. Every horse in the village was put into some kind of a team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish-house as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

It was a splendid sight. Five large boats manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company coming with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen.

So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Windsor thought, as they sat up in the light-house tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor.

"Oh! if I only were a man!" cried Rebecca.

"What could you do? See what a lot of them; and look at their guns!"

"I don't care. I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything! Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop."

"Yes; and all the boats."

"It's too bad; isn't it?"

"Yes; and to think we must sit here and see it all and not lift a finger to help."

"Do you think there will be a fight?"

"I don't know. Uncle and father are in the village, and they will do all they can."

"See how still it is in the town. There's not a man to be seen."

"Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."

"The drum! How can they! It's here. Father brought it home to mend it last night."

"Did he? Oh! then let's——"

"See, the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! They are going to burn her."

"Isn't it mean?"

"It's too bad!—too——"

"Where is that drum?"

"It's in the kitchen."

"I've a great mind to go down and beat it."

"What good would that do?"

"Scare 'em."

"They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh and go on burning just the same."

"No. We could hide behind the sand hills and the bushes. Come let's——"

"Oh, look! look! The sloop's afire!"

"Come, I can't stay and see it any more. The cowardly Britishers to burn the boats! Why don't they go up to the town and fight like——"

"Come, let's get the drum. It'll do no harm; and perhaps——"

"Well let's. There's the fife, too. We might take that with us."

"Yes; and we'll——"

No time for further talk. Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed the two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They burst into the kitchen like a whirlwind, with rosy cheeks, and flying hair. Mrs. Bates sat sorrowfully gazing out of the window at the scene of destruction going on in the harbor, and praying for her country and that the dreadful war might soon be over. She could not help. Sons and husbands were shouldering their poor old guns in the town, and there was nothing to do but to watch and wait and pray.

Not so the two girls. They meant to do something, and, in a fever of excitement, they got the drum and took the cracked fife from the old bureau drawer. Mrs. Bates, intent on the scene outside, did not heed them, and they slipped out by the back door, unnoticed.

They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and towards the outside beach, and then turned and ploughed through the deep sand just above high-water mark. They must keep out of sight of the boats, and of the ship also. Luckily she was anchored to the south of the light; and as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water side, and, with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could toward the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

Panting and excited, they tightened up the drum and tried the fife softly.

"You take the fife, Sarah, and I'll drum." We must march along the shore towards the light."

"Won't they see us?"

"No; we'll walk next the water, on the outside beach."

"Oh, yes; and they'll think its soldiers going down to the Point to head 'em off."

"Just so. Come, begin! One, two—one, two!" Drum! drum! drum!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

"Forward—march!"

"Ha! ha!"

The fife stopped.

"Don't laugh. You'll spoil everything, and I can't pucker my lips.

Drum! drum!! drum!!!

Squeak! squeak!! squeak!!!

The men in the town heard it and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

Louder and louder on the breeze came the roll of a sturdy drum and the sound of a brave fife. The soldiers in the boats heard the noise, and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising! They were coming down the point with cannons, to head them off! They would be captured, and perhaps hung by the dreadful Americans!

How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle"—that horrid tune! Hark! The men are cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore!

In grim silence marched the two girls—plodding over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles—Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main. Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination.

How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard and wet his good clothes, in his haste to escaped from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to their ship.

How the people yelled and cheered on shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water.

Louder and louder rolled the terrible drum. Sharp and clear rang out the cruel fife.

Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls rolled on—tearful, laughing, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

The boat swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires, and the rest pursued the flying enemy with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all the sun went down.

The red-coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men open on them at short range, from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down on the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot towards the light. It fell short and threw a great fountain of white water into the air.

The girls saw it and dropping their drum and fife, sat down on the beach and laughed until they cried.

That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time.

Rebecca is still living, old and feeble in body, but brave in spirit and strong in patriotism. She told this story herself to the writer, and it is true.

OLD WOMAN.—It was thus, a few days since, we heard a stripling of sixteen designate the mother who bore him. By coarse husbands we have heard wives called so occasionally, though in the latter case the phrase is often used endearingly. At all times, as commonly spoken, it jars upon the ear and shocks the senses. The "old woman" should be an object of reverence above and beyond most all phases of humanity. Her very age should be her surest passport to courteous consideration. She has fought faithfully "the good fight" and came off conqueror. Upon her venerable face she bears the marks of the conflict in all its furrowed lines. The most grievous of the ills have been hers; trials untold and known only to God and herself, she has borne incessantly; and now in her old age—her duty done! patiently waiting her appointed time—she stands more honorably and deservingly than he who has slain his thousands or stood triumphant upon the proudest field of victory.

Young men, speak kindly to your mother, and ever courteously, tenderly of her. But a little time and you may see her no more forever. Her eyes are dim, her form is bent, and her shadow falls graveward. Others may love you when she passes away; kind-hearted sisters, perhaps, or she whom of all the world you choose for a partner—she may love you warmly passionately—children may love you fondly, but never while time is yours, shall the love of woman be to you as that of your old, trembling mother has been.

***—The following remedy is given for blight in pear trees: To half a bushel of lime add four pounds of sulphur, slake to the consistency of whitewash, and, when it is applied, add to each gallon of the wash half an ounce of carbolic acid. Apply this to the diseased part. Where the bark is diseased, remove the outer portion before making the application.

THE WAY TO JUDGE OF WOOL ON A LIVE SHEEP.—The finest and softest wool is always found on the shoulders of a sheep But not one person in ten thousand is aware of this fact. Let us watch an expert when he is about to pass judgement on a sheep concerning the value of the animal for producing wool, and it will be seen that he always looks at the wool on the shoulders first. A writer of extensive experience in rearing fine-wooled sheep, and in handling wool, communicates the following suggestions for selecting a good wooled sheep:

Always assuming that the wool is good, we first examine the shoulders at the part where the finest and best wool is unusually found. This we take as the standard, and compare it with the wool from the ribs, the thigh, the rump and the shoulder parts, and the nearer the wool from the various portions of the animal approaches the standard, the better. First we scrutinize the fineness, and if the result be satisfactory, we pronounce the fleece in respect of fineness very "even." Next we inquire into the length of the staple, and if we find that the wool on the ribs, thigh and back approximates reasonably in length to that of our standard, we again declare the sheep, as regards length of staple, true and even. We next desire to satisfy ourselves of the density of the fleece; and if we do this by closing the hand upon a portion of the rump and of the loin wool, the fleece at these points being usually the thinest and faulty, and if this again gives satisfaction, we signify the fact by designating the wool "even" as respects density.

Now to summarize these separate examinations. If you find the fleece of nearly equal fineness from the shoulder to the thigh; of nearly equal length on shoulder, rib, thigh and back, and density on shoulders and across the loins, you may conclude that you have nearly a perfect sheep for producing valuable wool. Selecting sheep for valuable feeders is quite another thing.

THE PANCAKE HERO OF THE REBELLION.—A correspondent of the Albany *Argus* writes a good story from Burnt Hills, Saratoga county, concerning one Thos. Murray. He says: If there is any man who crawls between Heaven and earth who can cook pancakes better and faster than Tom, let him put his money up and it will be covered. Tom baked pancakes for a whole army corps, and he did nothing else while there. Your correspondent drove seven miles in a rain storm to meet Tom, who readily entered into a conversation with the writer. "Tom," inquired your correspondent, "if you baked so many pancakes, I don't see how you greased the griddle fast enough." "Why," replied the champion pancake baker, "you must know I had a griddle thirty feet circumference, and I kept two darkies with large pieces of pork strapped to the soles of their feet, skating around on the griddle. Every time we turned a cake we tossed it high in the air, so as to open the pores of the under side and make it tender. I tell you the air was thick with pancakes. I baked them so fast that the boys wouldn't eat the cold ones, so we used them for breastworks, and once when a regiment of 'rebs' took our breastworks, they procured enough pancakes to feed them for sixteen months, and that is all they had, for their rations had given out two days before, and the smell of the pancakes made them fight like devils to capture our work."

RUNNING FOR OFFICE.—I never run for office but once. At the earnest solicitations of some of my friends, in an unguarded moment I allowed myself to be announced as a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace. Previous to this fool move I had been considered a decent kind of a man, but the next day when the Bugle came out it was filled with accounts of my previous history that would have curdled the blood of a Digger Indian. A susceptible public was gravely informed that I was not fit for the office, that I was almost a fool, besides I had come West under very suspicious circumstances. I had starved my deaf old grandmother to death and then sold the remains to a soap factory. I had stolen a hand organ from a poor blind cripple and run away with the proceeds. I had sold my grandfather's coffin for fourteen dollars, and buried the old gent in a boot box. In utter despair I rushed around to headquarters, withdrew my name and swore a solemn swear that I would never indulge in politics again. And I never will.—*John Quill.*

A BACKWOODSMAN, who purchased a banana from a son of sunny Italy, returned to the stand after taking one bite, and said: "See here, mister, this 'ere thing's a durned fraud. Somebody's chawed it afore and stuffed it back into the skin, and I want my money back;" but he didn't get it.

AN egg producing feed for fowls, highly recommended by a fancier who has tried it to his entire satisfaction, is wheat and white peas, ground and mixed together as stiff as possible the night before, and used only as a morning meal.

—A Madison county, Ill., girl is soon to set herself up as a prize at a spelling match. An admission fee is to be charged, the proceeds to go toward furnishing a home for the happy couple.

IRON PAPER.

In the Great Exhibition of 1851, an American specimen of iron paper was first exhibited. A lively competition in iron-rolling ensued among British iron manufacturers, excited by the above challenge from America, as to the thinness to which iron could be rolled cold. Mr. Gillott rolled sheets the average thickness of which was the eighteen hundredth part of an inch. In other words, one thousand eight hundred sheets piled upon each other would collectively measure an inch in thickness, whilst the thinnest tissue-paper to be purchased in the stationer's stores measured the twelve hundredth of an inch.

These very thin iron sheets are perfectly smooth, and easy to write on, although porous when held up to a good light. It may not be out of place, considering the great interest that is taken by those connected with that great branch of industry, the iron trade, to give a few curious particulars as to the extent iron can be welded, and the thin sheets that can be rolled out. Brother Jonathan little thought what a hubub would be created in the old country when from Pittsburg he sent that wonderful letter, written on a sheet made from iron, which took no less than one thousand sheets to make an inch in thickness; the dimensions being eight inches by five and one-half inches, or a surface of forty-four inches, and weighs sixty-nine grains.

A SOLD INSURANCE MAN.

Printers are naturally in for a joke. They are proverbially fond of fun; but to look at them you wouldn't think it. Here is a good joke a "printer-man" played on his fellow-lodger in Pottsville: A certain insurance man in town, who boards at the same hotel with one of the night compositors of the *Journal*, in order to save the subscription price to a newspaper, entered into an arrangement with the printer to get the news as soon as he got up. The printer was to write out a brief sketch of all the news and stick the paper under the insurance man's door. A few mornings since the latter got up and dressed himself, excepting one boot and stocking and his coat, when he espied the paper under his door. He picked it up and read as follows: "Grant assassinated. Country in an uproar. Mrs. Sartoris and Mrs. Grant carried off by masked kidnappers while insensible. A member of the Cabinet supposed to be the assassin. $100,000 reward offered by Congress." Without completing his toilet, he rushed out of the room and wakened up several boarders, told them of the great news, and scared them out of their wits. We leave our readers to conjecture, if they can, the disgust of the whole party when they found how they had been sold. Th insurance man has sworn to subscribe to daily paper.

SUBSTITUTE FOR RAIN.

M. Paraf has, to a certain extent, solved the problem of artificial irrigation by the discovery of a method of doing without rain. His plan is to apply calcium chloride, which has a powerful affinity for moisture, and absorbs a large quantity from the atmosphere. From actual experiments he has found that it will produce irrigation more efficiently and cheaper than any other artificial method. One application will, he states, produce and retain abundant moisture for three days, when the same amount of water, applied in the ordinary way, would evaporate in an hour. The inventor believes that his way is cheaper than canal irrigation, and that not only by its use two blade of grass will be produced where only one is now, but that it will make it possible to have fields, meadows, grass and prosperity where now there is nothing but sand and desert waste.

The Great Eastanalle Cave, which extends under the eminence south-east of Athens, known as Cleage's Ridge, is literally filled with water which found its way down the gorge. No one in our day has ever ventured far into the dark and mysterious depths of the great cavern, and little is known of it further than an old tradition, now fading away, that a party of De Soto's men who crossed the Hiawasse at the Savanna Ford, where a great battle was fought, were pursued by the Indians and took refuge in it—only to be walled up and left to a lingering death. Had the vast body of water now gathered in the Eastanalle Cave been added to the creek when at its highest recently, we are apprehensive that it would have been "good bye, John," with several who live in the lower level of the town.

A remarkable instance of lapse of memory was related at Dartmouth (Eng.) a short time ago. A bed-ridden old woman who had long been in receipt of out-door relief, had lived in an extremely indigent and miserable condition, paying only 6d. a week for the attendance of a woman to wait on her. This woman had the curiosity to unlock

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - May 21, 1875.

SENATOR WALLACE is deserving of all honor for his powerful efforts in behalf of peace and good order in the Clearfield coal regions, thereby preventing, beyond doubt the shedding of blood and the interference of the military at the expense of the taxpayers.

THE Radical State Convention, to nominate candidates for Governor and State Treasurer, will meet at Lancaster on Wednesday next. Sam'l Henry is the Senatorial delegate from this district (Cambria and Blair), and C. T. Roberts, of this place, and General Jacob M. Campbell, of Johnstown, are the Representative delegates. They are all booked to vote for the two "ablest and best men in the State," John F. Hartranft and Butler B. Strang. What these two men don't monopolize of the ability and purity of Pennsylvania radicalism, is not worth talking about.

AGAINST all hope, based on the extreme severity of the past winter, the terrible grasshopper plague has again made its appearance west of the Missouri river. On Monday last the Governor of Missouri issued a proclamation calling on the people of the State to observe Thursday, June 3d, as a day of humiliation, fasting and prayer. Information has come to him from all sources that the State is threatened with a grasshopper pestilence, to be followed by the destruction of the crops, great distress and possible famine, and the interposition of Divine Providence is invoked on the part of the people for relief and protection from the threatened scourge. Similar reports of impending danger come from Kansas. A repetition of the grasshopper ravages, after the experience of last summer, is something frightful to contemplate.

WE had the good fortune, while in Greensburg last Saturday attending the Westmoreland Centennial, to look upon Governor John F. Hartranft for the first time. We had an intense curiosity to do so ever since the adoption of the memorable resolution by the Radical committee of this county, declaring that Hartranft and his shadow, Butler B. Strang, are *"the ablest and purest men in the State."* Strang was not there, much to our regret, so that we were only enabled to contemplate a section, or the one-half of the concentrated ability and purity of the commonwealth. It is not often that so much of human greatness and perfection, the Radical county committee being the judge, is visible to the naked eye; and it was an occasion, therefore, which we are not likely soon to forget. The Governor is a pleasant, gentlemanly looking person, but would not have attracted our special attention in a crowd, had it not been for the remarkable announcement of so competent a tribunal as the radical committee of Cambria county. We thought of Franklin, and Mifflin, and McKean, and other familiar names of the past, but our admiration for them was utterly lost in the presence of one upon whom

"Every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

Again we wished for the Tioga county statesman, Butler B. Strang, in order that we might look upon the embodied *ability* and *purity* of the State at one and the same time, and not by instalments. The Governor delivered an address to the people in front of the Court House. As a speaker he is not a success, but that does not obscure the brightness of the glory which he shares with Strang as *one* of "the two ablest and purest men in the State."

NO CONGRESSIONAL enactment ever fell so still-born upon the country as the Civil Rights bill. In point of fact it may be said to be inoperative. During the last and the preceding sessions of Congress a vast deal of time was devoted to its discussion, and speeches in its favor were scattered broadcast over the land. Demagogues like Benjamin F. Butler were vociferous in their demands for its passage in order that certain unenjoyed *rights* of the negro, as they styled them, might be assured and their exercise protected by the infliction of severe penalties for their violation. The radical leaders who have been shaping the legislation of Congress for almost ten years in the interest of the negro, cared more about annoying and aggravating the white people of the Southern States by the passage of highly penal laws, than they did about enforcing imaginary rights of the colored man. This was made perfectly manifest by Butler himself publishing a letter to "a man and brother" in Cincinnati not more than three weeks after the passage of the act, in which he admitted that what were regarded as the most important rights secured by its provisions were already guaranteed and made safe under the common law. If this was true there was no necessity for its passage. The law has been before several of the United States Courts in the Southern States for construction, and in every instance has been pronounced unconstutional and void, especially in its criminal provisions. This unanimity of judicial opinion does not proceed from rebel judges, but from men who are Republicans, and who have been appointed to seats on the bench by Grant himself. No sensible negro desired the law, and those who would like to put money in their pockets by instituting suits for its violation find themselves without a remedy. It affords an instructive commentary on the inefficiency of radical legislation.

WHAT A. A. Barker don't know about the next Presidential election isn't worth finding out. This conclusion has been forced upon us from reading a lengthy communication in the *Herald* of last week, in which he discusses freedom and humanity in general and the next Presidential election in particular—two subjects that have about as much relation to each other as Beecher's trial for adultery has to the unsolved question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?" This contribution to the political literature of the day smells strongly of the lamp, its author, in the amount of care he bestowed upon it, having put his best foot forward. It was evidently intended, coming from such a distinguished source, to produce a profound sensation in political circles, and it may possibly have that effect if it should be generally published by the radical newspapers throughout the State.

Mr. Barker is particularly sweet on the third term muddle, and talks about it as though *he* was the chosen keeper of Presidential secrets. He is absolutely certain that Grant "has never said a word about it." This involves a question of veracity between Mr. B. and Aaron A. Sargent, one of the Senators from California, who recently declared, in a speech delivered in that State, that Grant told him he had no aspirations for a third term. On the other hand, Vice President Wilson says that Grant *is* after a third term, and so does nearly every prominent Republican paper in the country. Mr. B. rests his assertion of Grant's silence in regard to the matter on the heretofore unknown fact, that "there is nothing in the constitution requiring the President to announce in advance whether he wants even a *second* or a *third* term." As Grant never did and never will understand what the constitution does or does not contain, this conclusion is a *non sequitur*. According to Mr. Barker's theory, it is quite evident that he and Mr. Grant have not studied the same constitution, since the edition with which Mr. B. is so familiar, has lured *him* in the pursuit of *a second term* with an untiring energy and devotion that have encircled his manly brow with the wreath of political martyrdom.

Just here we have a suggestion to make to Samuel Henry, who is well known to be the "friend, counsellor and guide" of Mr. Barker in all things political. When he goes as a delegate to the Lancaster convention next Wednesday, let him take a copy of the *Herald* with him and get the clerk to read to the convention Mr. B.'s manifesto with all the gravity possible under such a pressure, and if any delegate who is not an office-holder under Grant should offer an an *anti*-third term resolution, it will be knocked higher than a kite.

Who is Mr. B.'s favorite candidate for the Presidency? That is the question of the day. When the old Portage Rail Road was in operation, an employee named Timothy O'Keefe (honored be his memory), who always wished to stand well with the chief officer of the road, when asked what applicant for Superintendent he preferred, would shrewdly answer, "I am in favor of any *dacent* man." Just so with Mr. B.—he is in favor of any one of the *"dacent"* gentleman he has named. It was "sharper than a serpent's tooth" in him, however, to give Maine, his native State, the cold shoulder, and when her "favorite son," James G. Blaine, reads the *Herald*, he may well exclaim, in the agony of his grief, "Abraham! Abraham! why persecutest thou me?"

Mr. B. strangely omitted to say a good word for George Francis Train, of Omaha, who is a standing candidate for at least *one* term of the Presidency, and longer if he can get it. How a politician of Mr. Barker's admitted sagacity could pass by the irrepressible Train and get down to the blatant John A. Logan, whom he impales by calling him "a statesman," is most strange and unaccountable.

The theme is rich and inexhaustible, but we are reluctantly forced to leave it, which we do with the remark that the communication as a whole is a masterpiece of keen and polished "sarkasm," as Artemus Ward was wont to observe.

GEN. JOHN C. BRECKENRIDGE died at his residence in Lexington, Ky., on Monday last, in the 55th year of his age. He was a major in the Mexican war—was elected to Congres in 1850 and re-elected in 1852 from the Ashland, or Henry Clay's district, as it was called, defeating two of the most distinguished and popular Whigs in the State, Charles S. Morehead and Leslie Coombs. In 1856 he was elected Vice President—in 1860 was the candidate of the Southern wing of the Democratic party for President, and in 1861 succeeded John J. Crittenden in the United States Senate. After the outbreak of the rebellion he took part with the South and served as a Major General during the war. An article on his death in the Philadelphia *Times* concludes as follows: "Like most of the soldiers of the South, when he surrendered his cause he gave a manly obedience to the new duties he accepted and was faithful to the government that triumphed over him in the field. While his death will be widely regretted throughout the South, in the great North there will be a generous judgment for the brilliant, chivalrous and fallen Vice President of the Union and soldier of the Confederacy."

—On Sunday night, Mr. McPherson, living eight miles east of Columbus, Nebraska, was away from home visiting friends, accompanied by his wife. They left four children at home, aged four, six, twelve and fourteen years. During the absence of the parents the house took fire and three of the children were burned to death. Circumstances indicate that the fire commenced outside, so it was the work of an incendiary.

SOME of the Grant organs affect to be terribly alarmed because so many Confederate Generals have been elected to the next Congress. We regard this, on the contrary, as an excellent sign; for as a rule those men who ranked highest in the Confederate service were the best representatives of the intelligence of their party in the seceding States, and we know that the most influential and intelligent classes in those States desire nothing so much as a thorough reconstruction of the Union in fact as well as in name. They feel that the worst enemies of both races in the South are those who try to keep alive the animosities engendered during the rebellion and arising from the former existence of slavery; and they are fully aware that their own prosperity, as well as that of the North, depends upon the complete restoration of harmonious relations between the two great sections of the country which were lately arrayed against each other in all the bitterness of civil war. Nothing but the mean devices of politicians has prevented a complete reconciliation. Gen. W. F. Bartlett, a Union soldier, now living in Virginia, spoke words of truth at the centennial celebration at Lexington when he said that between the *soldiers* of the two sections fraternal relations were established long ago. It was only the other day in Little Rock, Arkansas—in the State which Grant wished to lawlessly subjugate anew because the people would not elect notorious robbers to administer their affairs—that the Confederate General, John P. Bull, united with a Union officer to invite their comrades of the blue and gray to join in a common decoration of the graves of soldiers who had belonged to the two armies. At Richmond, Va., when Gen. Bartlett was tendered a serenade by a large number of distinguished ex-Confederates in recognition of his patriotic speech at Lexington, it was Gen. Bradley T. Johnson who was selected to return him thanks for his manly utterances. Only a few days after Gen. Bartlett's speech was delivered, the laying of a corner stone of a monument to the Confederate dead in Augusta, Ga., was made the occasion for a public declaration by Gen. Evans, another Confederate, which was as patriotic in its tone as that of the Union General at Lexington. Gen. Evans said:

"Let us do nothing to keep alive the passions of war. To study its lesson is prudence, to profit by its teachings is wisdom; but to stir up the old animosities is madness. The voice of this monument will not be for war, but for peace; it will say to us, the Confederacy has expired. Its great life went out on the purple tide of blood that flowed from the hearts of its sons. We have buried it; we do not intend to exhume its remains. I respond with the truest feeling to-day to the fraternal words of Gen. Bartlett, spoken at the centennial celebration of the first battle of the old revolution."

Equally earnest expressions of a patriotic desire for a complete obliteration of sectional hatred are to be found in a letter from Fitzhugh Lee, another Confederate General, which has just been published; and these are the sentiments generally prevailing among those who were leaders on the Southern side during the late war. If the seat of every carpet-bagger who disgraced the last Congress could be filled with a Confederate General in the next, the moral and the political atmosphere in the Capitol would be improved beyond all measure. —*N. Y. Sun.*

REMARKABLE METEOR.—The Rochester *Express*, thus describes a meteor seen in that city Saturday evening, 8th instant, about fifteen minutes before eight o'clock: "The meteor first appeared at a point about fifty or fifty-five degrees above the horizon, in the northwest, or a little west of northwest, took a northerly direction, describing the arc of a circle, and vanished at a point about twenty degrees above the horizon north of northwest. It was unusually large and brilliant, exceeding in size and brightness the appearance of any of the planets at their brightest. It moved slowly, and was in sight from three to five full seconds, when it totally disappeared. About two seconds after the meteor had entirely vanished, its track or course suddenly sprang into view, as a line of clear, white light, slightly curved. It was very distinct, and remained as an unbroken line for perhaps thirty seconds, when it commenced to break up into angles, having the appearance of zig zag lightning, though much fainter than that. Then it began to wave in serpentine curves as though blown by a wind, and finally assumed the appearance of small patches of light gradually fading away until it wholly disappeared. This visible track of the meteor remained in view, we should think, from three to four minutes. There were thunder clouds in the apparent vicinity of the meteor, but none, if our observation was correct, immediately contiguous. In a conversation this morning with Prof. Swift about this phenomenon, that gentleman suggested that the luminous line described was possibly the light of the moon shining upon the smoky track left by the falling star. The atmosphere was hazy and surcharged with electricity, as the subsequent thundershowers demonstrated."

CATHOLIC BRIDES.—A New York correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* writes: The number of Protestant young ladies of elevated social position who have voluntarily embraced the Roman Catholic religion of late in marrying has created considerable comment and given life to a sort of genteel slang, expressed in two words—"Catholic brides." There have been many stories told of determined daughters and heart-broken mothers and fathers, and the stories were not without their effect. Since Easter four New York ladies have become Catholics in order to become wives; and Colonel Smith, who married a daughter of the late Horace Greeley, became a member of the Church of Rome, at the solicitation of his *finances*. Then a niece of W. B. Astor married a Catholic; so did Miss Appleton, daughter of the publisher; Miss Niles, who married Consul General Badeau last week; and Miss Morgan, who married a Spaniard. Love, they say, is blind, and Cupid knows no religion; nevertheless, these convert marriages have caused the corner-stone of society to shake perceptibly, and the rejoicing among archbishops and priests is only surpassed by the chagrin of ministers and rectors.

A CONTRAST.—Mr. Charles Parrish, the president of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre coal and iron company, is perhaps as much interested in the present strike as any man in the State, and his men are all out, but he has adopted a wise plan of sending provisions to his men to enable them to hold out against himself and the other coal operators, until the great question is decided as to who shall win. This humane policy will prove a better safeguard to his coal property than thousands of dollars spent in employing watchmen and police guards, and will promote his interests in every other way among the workingmen, who will contrast his actions with those of Mr. Gowen, who has doubled his force of watchmen at the breakers, and employs hundreds of men in this county to do guard duty. Mr. Parrish also knows that in proportion as he grows strong his opponents will become weakened in this contest, and leaving the question of humanity entirely out, his plan must be pronounced truly wise.

—At Marietta, Ohio, recently, a canary hatched twin birds from a single egg.

Beecher on Cardinal M'Closkey.

Dr. McCloskey is no more dangerous as Cardinal than he was as Archbishop, nor as Archbishop than when he was as bishop, nor as bishop than when he was a simply priest. These offices in this great and venerable sect were not invented for the sake of plaguing Americans and Protestants.—They have been for ages a part of the machinery of Church organization. The Roman Catholic Church is to receive Christian courtesy and toleration, not because it has not yet developed all its polity among us, but on the broad ground of the liberty of men to worship God after their own reason and conscience. This Church is no more aggressive with an American Cardinal at at its head than it was before. It is a matter with which Christians of other sects have nothing to do. It is the domestic business of this great mother sect, with which sister sects have no right to meddle.

In one respect, certainly, all generous Christians should be thankful, that for the first Cardinal in America there should have been selected a Christian gentleman of great personal worth, of simplicity of life, unostentatious fidelity, and most devout Christian disposition. If any man could win the sympathy and confidence of Christians of other sects, the first Cardinal will. That the Roman Catholic Church of America has developed one stage further in its organic form is a matter chiefly concerning its own members; but that the man selected to represent this great Church should be a man of universal sympathies, of a gentle heart, a good citizen, a friendly neighbor, in short, a good man, is a benefit to our common Christianity.

For ourselves, we have no fears of the undue predominance of the Roman Church in America. If its clergy and members, in a fair field, can gain an ascendency over Protestant sects, by better preaching, greater industry, a holier zeal, more wisdom and perseverance, it is their right and duty to do so. They who live the best lives, and do the best work, have a right to possess the land. Meanwhile should another Cardinal or two be needed, we shall not be alarmed or troubled. It is not for the Pope to consult a poor Protestant minister, but we suggest our former schoolmate, the Archbishop of Baltimore, as one well built for the robe and hat, and acceptable to liberal Protestants. We used to roll him over on the foot-ball green, and should not fear a Christian hug with him on the fairer field of Christian enterprise. May the blessing of God rest on all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth!—*Christian Union.*

A BOY'S TERRIBLE LEAP.—In the rear of Arthur Dubois's hotel in Marlborough, Ulster county, N. Y., is a gorge 200 feet deep. Immediately behind the hotel the bank slopes down about 125 feet to a ledge of rocks, and from there to the bottom of the gorge the bank is almost perpendicular and is covered with moss and a slimy substance, with water oozing from the crevices of the rocks. A few days ago Mr. Egbert Hall, while standing on the piazza in the rear of the hotel, which overlooks the chasm, while coughing, lost a set of teeth, and on Sunday morning, after several persons had discussed the possibility of getting down to this ledge of rocks, two men by securing a rope to the building lowered themselves to the ledge, but without any success in finding the teeth.

On returning they spoke of the impossibility of getting to the bottom of the gorge on account of the abruptness of the bank from the ledge down, when a boy about fifteen years of age, David Ward, volunteered to go to the bottom if any one would give him fifty cents. A by-stander offered to give him five dollars if he reached the bottom, and he immediately began to descend, reaching the rocky ledge with little trouble, when, to the horror of those who were watching him, he deliberately jumped from its brink and disappeared from sight. Everybody supposed that he was instantly killed, but in a moment they saw him appear in sight at the bottom of the gorge waving his hat and shouting in triumph. When he struck among the stones and gravel at the bottom he landed on his feet, but the momentum caused him to turn a complete somersault, and he escaped with only a slight sprain of one hand. The distance down is about seventy-five feet, and the leap is one of the most remarkable on record, certainly so where so little injury was sustained.

THE MOST AUDACIOUS ROBBERY OF THE SEASON.—The St. Louis *Democrat* has a special from Clinton, Henry county, Missouri, giving an account of a daring robbery committed in that county last Thursday. D. B. Lambert keeps a country store twelve miles north of Clinton. It stands alone on a prairie, has a croquet ground in the rear of the building, and is the resort of young people of the neighborhood. Thursday morning about 11 o'clock two strangers rode up, entered the store and were shortly followed by two other strangers. As soon as the latter entered the store the first two drew revolvers, and commanded Lambert to stand. The other two men went to the croquet ground where eight gentlemen and ladies were playing, ordered them into the store, where they were guarded by three of the strangers while the fourth robbed the store of $200 cash, a fine watch, a shot-gun, two revolvers and a quantity of goods. They then left in the direction of Clinton. All were well dressed, genteel looking men, well armed and mounted on splendid horses. The robbery was done so quietly and quickly that a blacksmith working one hundred yards distant knew nothing of the matter until the affair was over. A gentleman living near Clinton says he saw and conversed with two of the Younger brothers last Tuesday, and from this fact the robbery is attributed to the Younger and James brothers. No effort has yet been made to arrest the robbers, and the dispatch says its not likely there will be.

THE ILL-FATED "SCHILLER."—There were many sad scenes at the office of the agents of the ill fated Schiller, in New York, Saturday, when persons having friends on board applied for information. Mr. Chas. Schuler, a barber, had sent his wife and only child abroad. He grasped the meagre list of saved, ran his eye down it, and persisted in asking for his daughter. "But, Bertha, my Bertha, is she too lost? My God, my own, own little Bertha gone!" and he pressed his forehead as if to keep his head from bursting. An elderly gentleman came in in great excitement, at an early stage of the affair, read the slip with the first information that four had been saved, staggered for a moment and fell, sobbing loudly and deeply on a settee near by. He was a brother-in-law of Mr. Kornblum, who, with his wife and three children, had been passengers on the steamer. In the afternoon two German working-men called in, asking eagerly for the very latest news. It was shown them, simply that 200 had been lost and about 40 saved, and no names as yet. The chances were then five to one against them. The two men were friends and neighbors. Each had given his wife the pleasure of a trip to the fatherland with the little ones, while the head of the family stayed at home attending to business demands. The wife of one, Mrs. Fannie Evans, was accompanied by her only child, while the other lady, Mrs. Susan Duckfield, had with her four children. The two fathers had but little to say. They were utterly dumbfounded.

News and Political Items.

—Gold in New York yesterday, 116¼.

—A New York man, aged 93, is living in matrimonial felicity with his sixth wife.

—The German Government has released the Catholic priests imprisoned at Posen.

—The jury in Father Gerdeman's case in Philadelphia could not agree, and were discharged.

—Two members of the Balaklava Light Brigade—the famous six hundred—now resides in Augusta, Ga.

—A queer kind of thatching. A man with hair on the roof of his mouth has been discovered at Savannah, Georgia.

—An odd illustration of what's in a name. An English curate just appointed to a London church, is gazetted as the Rev. Paschal Lamb.

—Capt. Paul Boyton will make a second attempt to cross the English channel in his life-saving dress on the 28th of the present month.

—The tornado of Saturday week last killed seventeen and wounded thirty-five persons in Harris and Talbot counties, Georgia.

—At Rockland, Me., on Friday night, Alfred Spear, while drunk, shot his wife twice and then killed himself. His wife may recover.

—The rules of the Amana Communists—a curious society located in Iowa—allow the sisters only from $25 to $40 each for clothing for a year.

—Jesse D. Bright, ex-United States Senator from Indiana, is lying dangerously ill at his residence in Baltimore, with rheumatism of the heart.

—Mrs. Strockmeyer, of Jersey City, gave birth to four infants on the 8th inst. Three were girls and one a boy, and all are reported to be doing well.

—Duluth is fifteen years old and never had but one breach-of-promise suit, and that was settled by giving the plaintiff's father a pair of cowhide boots with red tops.

—Joseph Porcy, aged 102 years, died in Crawford county the other day. He was a Frenchman, had been married twice and had enjoyed eighty-five years of connubial bliss.

—Pope Pius is to receive a grand Mass, bound in morocco at a cost of $300, and forwarded by its composer, John M. Loretz, jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y., as a present to his Holiness.

—A dispatch from London says one hundred and fifty bodies of the victims of the Schiller disaster have been recovered. This leaves about one hundred and thirty still missing.

—New South Wales has been heard from. The parliament of this distant English colony has appropriated £5,000 for the expenses of proper representation at Philadelphia in 1876.

—A mastodon skeleton weighing 1,600 pounds, the largest ever found, has been sent to Yale College from Otisville, in Orange county, N. Y., where it was dug up two years ago.

—Twenty-three car-loads of oysters arrived in San Francisco, the other day, from the East. The bivalves are to be planted in San Francisco Bay, to supply the citizens with the luxury.

—The *Fanfulla*, a ministerial organ, published in Rome, authoritatively states that the Pope has resolved to convoke the Vatican Council again at an early date, to discuss ecclesiastical reforms.

—Jefferson Davis in an address to the Texan veterans of the Mexican war entreats them to be as loyal now to the stars and stripes as they were zealous and brave in the defense of their first flag.

—Secretary Delano has gone to Ohio to enjoy the fresh May breezes. He probably left Washington at this particular juncture for fear that Red Cloud would investigate as to the number of his pockets.

—At Shamokin Sunday night a strange man entering the house of Eli Hoas in a mistake, Hoas discharged two shots at him, the last taking effect near the heart. The man is in a critical condition and cannot recover.

—The Louisville *Courier-Journal*, in reply to the pathetic question of a woman, "How shall I keep my husband at home in the evening?" says it can be done easily enough by opening a first class beer garden in the back yard.

—No more centennials for President Grant. He wouldn't go to Greensburg, thank you; and has recalled his Bunker Hill engagement. The abolition of the dead head business should have been postponed till after 1876.

—The Sioux delegation are in Washington to sell the Black Hills and find out "where the lying begins." The first will no doubt be of easy accomplishment, but we fear the last will be too much for the poor untutored savages.

—A child was born in Michigan, about three weeks ago, with two complete faces—one in the natural position and the other at the back of the head. The faces are complete in all particulars—two eyes, a mouth and a nose on each face.

—Early Tuesday morning a fire broke out on Centre street, the principal business portion of Mahoney city, destroying six business houses, composed of shops and stores, seven dwellings, and a number of stables. Loss, $75,000; mostly insured.

—The superstitious people of Shelby county, Ky., believe that John Cotton has been stricken dumb for blasphemy. He cursed God because a frost had ruined his crops, and on the same day was attacked by paralysis, which bereft him of the power of speech.

—Edward C. Marshall, son of Chief Justice Marshall, seventy years of age, is a clerk in the pension office at $1,200 salary. Mr. Marshall resides in the city of Alexandria, lost all his property during the war, is delicate in health, and resembles his father.

—The striking miners in the north of Wales are suffering for food and clothing, yet they refuse all offers of settlement of their employers, by which they could resume work and support themselves and families. With them half a loaf is worse than no bread.

—According to a London *Daily News* telegram, the Pope, in answer to a petition from millions of Catholics, lay and clerical, decrees a universal prayer for the 16th of June, the two hundreth anniversary of the apparition of the Sacred Heart to St. Margaret Alacoque.

—The ill-fated "Schiller" has quite gone to pieces,—the lower deck now resting on the rocks, and specie and cargo being washed away. The work of recovering bodies seems to have been abandoned, and but little more can be done to save anything from the wreck.

—The frauds committed by Mr. S. Gross Fry, the President of the Darby house railway company, do not improve upon more intimate acquaintance. The further they are examined the worse they have thus far proved to be. They are much larger in amount than at first supposed.

—The *Inter-Ocean's* special from McGregor, Iowa, says Albert Young, son of Senator Young, of Wisconsin, shot his father, at noon on Friday, and then committed suicide. The father will survive. It is thought the son had committed forgery, and resorted to this means of covering it up.

—Some excitement has been created in Milford township, Bucks county, by the discovery of what is thought to be a silver mine. The place where the deposit of the precious metal is supposed to exist is on the farm of Samuel Weiss, who has leased the property to a party with the view to test the truth of the discovery.

—A dispatch from Rome states that the Pope's birthday anniversary was celebrated with extraordinary rejoicings. Deputations, letters and congratulations were arriving throughout the day. Twelve preceding Pontiffs had reached the age of eighty-four. Pio Nino alone surpasses the years of Saint Peter in the chair.

—When a Halifax, England, bridegroom came to the house to lead his bride-elect to the church, he found that she had eloped with her sister's betrothed and his "best man." But he came to be married, one way or the other, and as the sister then and there dismissed her old sweetheart, they concluded to make a match of it.

—James Robinson, the champion bare-back rider, is to ride in San Francisco against Chas. Fish, a European celebrity, for $10,000 a side and the gold and diamond studded belt of the world. The San Francisco brokers are said to hold Robinson as the favorite, and to have staked over half a million dollars on the result.

—The recent death of ex-Chief Justice Woodward, of the supreme bench of this state, adds one more to a very striking list of deaths. Out of five ex-chief justices living a couple of years ago, only one, Chief Justice Lowrie, remains. The other four, Lewis, Read, Thompson and Woodward, have all died within less than two years.

—About eight o'clock Sunday night Alonzo Jackson, his wife and two children, and a man by the name of Smith and his wife, went over a dam at Zanesville, O., in a skiff, drowning Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Smith, one child of Jackson's, and one child of Smith's. It is said the men were under the influence of liquor and could not manage the boat.

—An outrage and murder was committed near Trappe, a small village five miles from Phœnixville, Pa., on Tuesday afternoon. A young girl named Whilby was the victim. Her body was found under a table, her ears torn off and her head terribly beaten. A tramp was seen in the vicinity, and it is supposed the crime was committed by him. The excitement is intense.

—A wandering clock repairer has been arrested in the township of Burke, near Ogdensburg, N. Y., having with him a boy answering the description of Charlie Ross. Mr. Ross and the detectives have been after this man some time. The Mayor of Philadelphia has been telegraphed to, and the man, who goes by the name of Lathrop, will be held until the arrival of Mr. Ross.

—There is no danger of a European war. At the Countess of Hatzfeld's ball, in Berlin, recently, the Emperor William whispered in the ear of the Viscount de Gontant-Biron, French Embassador: "Monsier, an attempt has been made to sow discord between us; it is all over now, and I was anxious to tell you so." After saying this, William looked around to see if Bismarck was anywhere near.

—A family at Mishawaka, Ind., received from some unknown source several complimentary tickets to a circus which was to exhibit on a recent evening. All the inmates of the household went, and when they returned found that their dwelling had been broken into and rifled of everything valuable. It is supposed that the burglars sent the tickets in order to get their victims safely out of the way.

—Sarah Thomas, daughter of a clergyman of Woodhull, Steuben county, N. Y., ran away with John Farris, a married man of Ithica, who robbed her of her watch, chain and some money. She left him, had him arrested, and he was to have gone to prison on Friday for six months. Her disgrace preyed upon her so, that on Friday night she ended her life by throwing herself in front of a freight car.

—A private letter from Prospect, Oneida county, N. Y., gives a clever account of a Welsh spelling match in that town. The words were given out by Mr. Owen Jones, the editor of *Y Drych*, and there were fifteen contestants, the last of whom was vanquished on the word Wuddyi, which was perfectly excusable, even for a Welshman. Such morsels as Lluytod and Grwdyl were not regarded even with timidity.

—York county, N. B., has a curiosity in the shape of one James O'Hern, who, though twenty-nine years old, has never yet talked or walked a step. He has never stood erect, or been moved from one room since his infancy. He is four feet in height and weighs about sixty pounds. His arms and legs are very small, and he appears to have power to move them in any direction he chooses, independently of either joint or muscle.

—One of the crew of the ill-fated Schiller was arrested in Hoboken for being drunk, a few days before the vessel sailed, and sent to jail for five days. His time expired the day after the Schiller sailed, and he escaped the fate of most of his companions. This statement is made as a matter of news, and not to encourage bibulous persons in the habit of getting drunk in the hope of thereby escaping marine disasters.

—The Milwaukee Catholic Associations will be out in full force on the occasion of the investiture of Archbishop Henni. A torchlight procession, consisting of four thousand torches, will take place, and the societies of other cities will participate. Six bands of music are engaged to lead the singing, all the Catholic houses will be illuminated, bells will be rung and the artillery fired. The Papal Envoys are expected there this week.

—The life-saving dress with which Paul Boyton has been making so much of a stir in Europe was recently exhibited in Boston by W. H. Preston, engineer of the quarantine steamer Samuel Little. He proposes, in the course of a week, to start from Commercial wharf, Boston, for Neponset, distant 10 miles, with paddle, sail, American flag, cigars, and lunch, and, after that trip, to be taken outside Minot's ledge light, 20 miles from the city, and be dropped, to make his way home as best he may.

—The Postmaster General has issued an order modifying the postal regulations by striking out that part providing that no subscription to newspapers for less than three months should be considered regular subscription in the meaning of the law. The effect of this order is to allow newspaper offices to send papers to subscribers at regular rates, whether for one week or three months. Heretofore subscribers for less than three months have had to pay transient rates.

—The Carlisle *Volunteer* says: "The Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank of Shippensburg having appointed assignees, all hopes of its again starting in business are at an end. It is hopelessly insolvent, and scores of men, women, and orphan children, who confided in it, are utterly ruined. For a bank of its capital ($65,000) it is the worst failure we ever heard of. For years the money of its depositors has been parceled out to favorites. One man drew out of the bank $10,000 more than the whole capital stock."

—A Kentucky man discovered and entered in the backwoods of Meade county a cave about ten feet square, which was dimly lighted by the sunlight without. He discovered two earthen vessels almost within reach, which he saw were filled, one with silver, the other with gold coin. He was about to seize his prey when there arose a succession of such shrieks, yells and noises that he paused, and glancing up saw gazing upon him eight or ten things resembling men who had once lived, but of whom now nothing remained but their bones. It would be useless to say that he "left" in a hurry. He is now organizing an expedition to capture these treasures.

—A vein of solid gold three-fourths of an inch in thickness has just been struck in the Osceola mine, Sunshine, Colo.

—An old woman bade her daughter bye in the Rochester depot, saying "I isn't likely I will ever see you again, getting so old." She was starting for home in Chicago, and as the train moved she put her head out of the car window to catch a final glimpse of her relatives. The daughter was standing on the platform track, waving her handkerchief. Some motive dashed in and overruled her, and it was last that the mother saw, as the train moved out of the depot, was the lifeless corpse of her daughter. The grief-stricken poor old woman was frantically raving mad. At the first station she got out and returned to Rochester.

—A remarkable paleontological discovery was made on Wednesday, near Franklin, Tennessee, by a party of scientists connected with the Smithsonian Institute, while digging among some mounds. At the depth of eighteen feet below the surface a number of chalk beads, one piece of copper, several copper bobbins with beads, a piece of flaxen thread around them, and the representation of an idol indented on a piece of plate metal, much corroded. The latter is undoubtedly the work of Aztecs or some other race of civilized people. What wonderful revelations of pre-historic life, growth, pain, suffering, development and decay, lie within these mysterious ancient tombs, could but read their import.

—Two singular monstrosities are reported in Holyoke, Mass. The first, a child born last Wednesday, has a formation on its back like a bag, which is filled with water fluid. The spine at this point forms a ring, through which the contents of the sac are passed. After the birth of the child the sac continued to fill with the liquid, until it was found necessary to tap it off, and the operation is now performed daily. In all other respects the child is perfectly natural and healthy. The second curiosity is a two-weeks-old child which weighed, when born, just seven pounds and a half. Its head is described as being about the size of an orange, and is said to be about the volume of a young kitten's head. It has a thick growth of hair.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* of the 9th day says: "At St. Alphonsus Church on Sunday morning, as Father Gache, the celebrant of the mass, was in the act of kneeling from his knees, while the Veni Creator was being chanted, and Father Gache was ascending the pulpit to preach, a shot entered from the schoolhouse on Constance street, and passed through the corresponding window on the opposite side, almost grazing the head of Father Gleason in its passage. This shot caused a violent disturbance of the solemn ceremonies that held the congregation only a moment before was followed by intense excitement, but in a second, Father Gleason announced that the shot had failed to effect any serious damage, quieted the congregation, who had risen instinctively to their feet, at his suggestion the congregation turned in an act of thanksgiving for the preservation of Father Gleason's life."

—The Phila. *Evening Telegraph* is alleged by reliable parties that S. Gross Fry, President of the Philadelphia, Darby and Spruce and Pine street Railway Companies, has made an overissue of Darby stock of from 19,000 to 20,000 shares, and of about 600 shares of the Spruce and Pine street road. The money raised on the stock was used, it is said, to buy stock in the Emmans Iron Company, and when was the expectation of Mr. Fry that there would be a revival of the iron trade he would be enabled to return the moneys borrowed on the stock of that company, and take up and retire or withdraw the stock. Other hypothecation he realized ten dollars per share on the Darby stock, and fifteen dollars per share on the Spruce and Pine Street Company's stock. Mr. Fry denies these allegations of wrong-doing so seriously affect, is a man who has long been favorably known in Philadelphia, and a son of the late Hon. Jacob Fry, who for many years a member of Congress and Auditor General of this State from 1860.

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CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,
DAY, - - MAY 21, 1875.

OCAL AND PERSONAL.

, There, and the Other Place.

Our farmers are all "big injins" just —that is, they belong to the Cornplanter

tern winter has "stepped down and tern foremost—that is, it was back- in going.

he Cambria Guards is the name of our military company. Long may they and never may they waver.

young lady woke up in Altoona the morning and found a litter of mice in her shoes. This statement is *litter*-ally

n little daughter of Mr. Geo. Schettig, s place, aged about two and a half died on Friday last after a long and l illness.

he new chapel recently completed at allitzin Seminary, in this place, will dicated to divine service by Bishop nee on Friday next.

sewing machine ran over the head of year old child named Berkeypile, at Conemaugh, the other day, but strange it didn't injure it very much.

The Griswold property on Horner street, ually occupied as the Catholic parson- e, was purchased on Tuesday last by Mr. tin Ward for the sum of $800, cash.

The body of Robert Howard, the colored n drowned at Huntingdon on the 1st of ., has been recovered at last. A re- ver, a knife and twenty cents were found r pocket.

he boarding scholars at Mt. Gallitzin ary and the pupils of the parochial connected therewith indulged in a pleasant May party in Lloyd's grove, of town, yesterday.

m. H. Zimmerman, of Franklin bor- this county, while laboring under the s of bad whisky on Saturday last, at- mpted to put an end to his earthly career, fortunately failed in the effort.

On Wednesday evening, June 16th, our ens will once more have the pleasure of ning to the inimitable Frank Conly, a vocalist, humorist and mimic needs, recommendation in this community. ason.

Mr. George Wolford, aged 49 years, of ata township, Bedford county, whilst aged the other day in throwing hay from mow in his barn to feed his stock, fell the barn floor below, a distance of fifteen and broke his neck.

large fire was raging at Osceola, Clear- county, yesterday morning, and at la- counts it had not been subdued. The Union telegraph office was destroy- d telegraphic communication thereby . Fire engines were sent to their aid Tyrone.

Philip Crouse, one of the most suc- anglers that ever dropped a line into icid waters of a mill dam or streams nt, has our thanks for a fine mess of s," interspersed with two or three led beauties," otherwise known as Who's next?

John Delozier, one of the most ful men, physically considered, in county, tripped and fell the other day carrying a barrel of flour, and the re- s that he secured a wrench in the hat will keep him tightly screwed up me time to come.

meeting of the citizens of Ebensburg, e arrangements for the proper decora- the graves of the heroes of the late who sleep their last sleep in the several eries in this vicinity, will be held at Court House on Monday evening next o'clock. A full turn out is respectful- ested.

set of harness, a pair of gaiters, and bundles of cigars were stolen from the ce of Col. Wm. K. Piper, in Gays- on Thursday night last, but as the s and gaiters were found all right in of a store door in that place next morn- the robbery may literally be said to e ended in smoke.

A miner named Christian Colwetz at- mpted to get on the Mail train while in motion, at Penn Station, Westmoreland nty, on Saturday last, but missing his ting, he fell under the wheels, several of h passed over him and literally cut him two, one arm and one leg being com- ely severed from his body.

Attention is invited to the extensive of live stock and other personal proper- which is to take place in Carroll town- p, Tuesday, June 1st, as advertised here by Wm. J. Buck, assignee of n Cole. No such opportunity to buy cattle, etc., has been presented in rn Cambria for many a day.

locomotive struck a cow on the South- Branch R. R., near Connellsville, on day evening of last week, throwing at wheels from the track, and the en- and fireman, Wm. Welty, of Greens- and Henry Murray, of Nineveh, think- ir lives were in danger, jumped from ine and we both killed instantly.

John White has been arrested and im- ed for fooling around the machinery Juniata Rolling Mill, Hollidaysburg. aught he was in the act of placing a ch in that portion of the machinery as the governor, the result of which, d it not been so opportunately discover- would have been the destruction of much luable property.

She stood before the counter—the day ll ne'er forget; she thought the dry goods e than any she'd seen yet; and then e splendid dress goods, to the right and displayed, which she saw in such profu- the store of Myers & Lloyd, where of she left her greenbacks, as of her wise e, and came away with bargains in ds rich and new.

New Derry correspondent of the burg *Argus* details the death of John ley on the railroad at the Millwood in that county. He fell off the loco- and was run over and horribly man- Only about one week previous Mc- ding the grave of a boy named Camp- who was killed at the same place and milar circumstances.

F. W. Weber, of New Jersey, has ad to say, leased the Woolen Fac- this place recently operated by T. M. & Sons, and intends going to work delay. Mr. W., we understand, con- s adding very largely to the ma- of the factory and will employ some ve or thirty hands. His specialty the manufacture of woolen jackets.

The old Andrew Lewis property, on street, West Ward, recently sold by L. Oatman to Mrs. Philips, of Pitts- is about to be improved and enlarged additional building, and during the of the coming summer it is said to be ntion of the lady now owning it to veral cottages erected on the prem- the accomodation of summer visitors.

n. C. McCarthy, an honest, sturdy, ouled son of Cambria, is at present sit to his old home in this vicinity, he always receives a hearty welcome his hosts of admiring friends, and we trust he will ere long find an af- worthy of—well, we'll say no more w, but we hope soon to give him the the shop under the head of "hymen-

ylight is more than fourteen hours ast now, but if you can't find time its continuance to call at Mills' cheap ore and buy yourself rich, the chance after dark is just as good, the bar- just as great, the goods just as desir- nd the prices just as low. So just go there whenever it pleases you, but e to yourself let it be just as soon as e.

doubt whether our people have ever upon so complete, so varied and so an array of boots, shoes, gaiters, , etc., as has just been added to the immense stock of goods on exhibi- sale at M. L. Oatman's cheap cash The assortment is certainly very prising as it does many things new in the way of foot coverings, bracing among other articles a large adies' gaiters, neat, fashionable and rtial, at the exceedingly low price of r pair.

—Two magnificent side altars have this week been received from Johnstown and placed in position in the Catholic church at Carrolltown. They will be dedicated on Thursday next, the feast of Corpus Christi.

—Our military company, to the number of forty odd members, faced the music on Friday last and were duly mustered into service by Assistant Adjutant General D. S. Keller, of Bellefonte, Pa., after which the following officers were duly elected: Captain, Samuel M. Davis; First Lieutenant, Edgar Evans; Second Lieutenant, E. J. Humphreys. The Orderly Sergeant is to be selected by the Captain commanding.

—The troubles in the Clearfield county coal regions still continue, the latest reports from that section being that Xingo Parks, the organizer and mining agitator, has been arrested at Osceola and taken to the Clearfield jail to keep company with some fifty-six of the strikers previously arrested at the same place for making threats against the workingmen. Italians and others, duly equipped with Spencer rifles, are being marched to the several mines to take the places of those engaged in the strike, but as yet no blood has been spilled, and there is reason to hope that none will be.

—The latest stock of goods received by any merchant is invariably heralded as the largest and best ever brought, etc., yet we are not going to say that about the immense invoice of drugs, notions, fancy goods, stationery, etc., just now being opened at Lemmon & Murray's Drug, Book and Variety Store in this place, although we believe that such an expression would be strictly in accordance with the truth. Still we must say that they have everything in their line that they ought to have, and when any article fresh, pure and reliable, at a fair, honest price, is desired by any of our patrons, we can conscientiously recommend them to call on Lemmon & Murray.

—His first name is Jim and the last might be Sam (but it ain't), who, not being *an fait* on a swim, should have staid away from the dam; but he didn't so do, as the sequel will tell, for by going there to fish, in the water he fell. He paddled his boat till the middle he reached, when he thought he could float on a log that was *beech*-ed, but he found his mistake, so the narrative goes, when the log gave a lurch and he wet his store clothes. But he got safely out, though for a time it it true his hopes for escape were decidedly blue; and now his advice to each son and daughter, when on fishing intent, is to keep away from the water, lest like himself they may have the ill luck to catch little else tha' a dam(nable) duck.

—If there is one improvement more than any other required on the streets in this borough, it is the placing of flag-stones from the curb over the gutters at the different crossings. It is safe to say that no other town in the State of the size of our own is so defective in this particular. Many of the crossings at the points referred to are absolutely dangerous to strangers passing from one side of a street to the other on a dark night. Only a few weeks ago a verdict of $475 was rendered against the borough of Indiana for an injury to a person caused by a defective plank in the sidewalk. The taxpayers will always sustain the Council in making necessary improvements, and none is more urgently demanded than the one to which we refer. It cannot be done too soon.

YE CENTENNIAL OF YE WESTMORELAND.—The centennial celebration at Greensburg, on Saturday last, in honor of the Hannastown declaration of independence, which was promulgated to the world one hundred years ago last Sunday, was indeed a big thing so far as the marching of military, the displaying of bunting, the blowing of horns, the beating of drums, the making of speeches, the outpouring of people, and the inpouring of lager was concerned. Otherwise, it was not what we anticipated in a centennial celebration, although it was much better than we could have done ourself had we had the doing of it. The military force consisted of one company of the Duquesne Greys, Knapp's and Hutchinson's batteries, the Latta Guards, Companies D and F of the 14th Regiment, Heath Zouaves, and the Gallagher Greys, the music was furnished by the famous Great Western band, Heflick's drum corps and the Mt. Pleasant band, all under command of Chief Marshal Dick Coulter and eight aids, and the speeches were made by Hon. Edgar Cowan, orator of the day, Governor Hartranft, (very briefly,) Judge Kirpatrick, and Hon. T. J. Bigham, the meeting being presided over by no less a personage than Hon. Simon Cameron, the great Winnebago Chief, so called. While in Greensburg we met quite a number of the craft editorial, among whom for courtesies extended we desire specially to mention Messrs. Van and Jim Laird, of the *Argus*, and our staunch friend Bill Keenan, now out of the harness, as well as Frank Higgins, of the Pittsburgh *East Ender*, Charley Fink, of the Latrobe *Advance*, Capt. Eisenbise, of the Wilkinsburg *East Ender*, and M. A. Cooper of the Mt. Pleasant *Dowa*, not forgetting our kind friends Dan. C. Morris and Geo. F. Herff, who ate none the less gentlemen because they do not belong to the newspaper fraternity.

DEDICATION OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, ALTOONA.—*Schedule of Special Trains.*—As heretofore announced in these columns, the dedication of St. John's (Catholic) church, Altoona, one of the largest and most imposing religious edifices in the State, outside the large cities, will be dedicated to the service of the Triune God on Sunday, May 30th, on which occasion the dedication sermon will be delivered by Rev. S. Wall, who is not surpassed for learning and eloquence by any clergyman in the State, and in the evening Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, Bishop of the diocese, will deliver a lecture appropriate to the occasion. Admission tickets either to the dedication ceremonies or the lecture, fifty cents each. Special trains on the Pa. R. R. and the Hollidaysburg Branch will run on that day as follows:

SPECIAL TRAIN FROM JOHNSTOWN.

Leaves Johnstown at	8:30	P. M.
" Conemaugh at	8:08	"
" Summerhill at	8:35	"
" Wilmore at	8:43	"
" Lilly's at	9:05	"
" Cresson at	9:13	"
" Gallitzin at	9:23	"
" Bennington Furnace at	9:30	"
" Kittanning Point at	9:45	"
Arrives at Altoona at	10:00	
Returning, leaves Altoona at	2:20	P. M.

SPECIAL TRAIN FROM MARTINSBURG.

Leaves Martinsburg at	8:30	A. M.
" Roaring Springs at	8:50	"
" Rodman at	8:55	"
" McKee's at	9:07	"
" Kladder's at	9:17	"
" Hollidaysburg at	9:32	"
" Y Switches at	9:37	"
" Canan's at	9:47	"
Arrives at Altoona at	10:05	"
Returning, leaves Altoona at	4:00	"

CAMBRIA COUNTY SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Cambria County Sunday School Association will be held at Wilmore, on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1st and 2d, and it is earnestly urged that delegates be chosen and special collections taken up for defraying the expenses of said convention, the hope being confidently entertained that every School in the county will be represented fully at this the sixth annual meeting. It is to be regretted that some officers have been indifferent in reporting or representing their Schools. In my report for 1874 there were fifteen Schools in this county not represented or reported at all.

J. C. MARTIN, Secretary.

FOR SALE OR RENT.—The well established hotel property at Summitville, Cambria county, known as the National House, is offered for sale at a big bargain until May 29th, after which, if not sold, it will be rented on accommodating terms. The house is well adapted to the business and has always enjoyed a remunerative patronage. For further information call on or address

JOHN C. BOLAND, Proprietor,
[5-21.-3t.] Summitville, Pa.

IRON CITY COLLEGE.—Students save time and money by attending the Iron City College during the summer season. No vacations. School always in session. Students received at any time. For circulars address the Principal, J. C. SMITH, A. M., Pittsburgh, Pa.

AFFRAY AT SUMMITVILLE.—*Two Men Shot!*—A lamentable affray, wherein two persons received severe, though, let us hope, not dangerous pistol-shot wounds, occurred at Summitville, this county, on Monday morning last. The facts, so far as the same have come into our possession, are substantially as follows:

The Summit House is a hotel owned by Captain Wm. Linton, in that village, and the site of a certain spring of running water, a short distance east of the hotel, is claimed to be comprehended in the deed conveying that property to the Captain. This claim has always been disputed by two brothers, named respectively James and Charles Johnston, owners of a piece of land near by, who hold that the spring is on their premises and is by right their own exclusive property. Some two years ago, Captain Linton, relying on the validity of his deed, attempted to lay a pipe to convey the water from this spring to his hotel. He was deterred from so doing, however, by threats on the part of the Johnston brothers, and, in order to determine the question of ownership, a suit for trespass was brought in our county Court. This was decided in favor of Captain Linton. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court, where judgment for Captain Linton was allowed to go by default by counsel for the Messrs. Johnston. This, it was understood by Captain Linton, as we presume it would be by anybody else, definitely determined the vexed question.

On Monday morning last, Captain Linton, assisted by his brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas C. Myers, and some laborers, again essayed to connect the pipe with the spring. They were met by the brothers Johnston, who commanded them to desist. Possessed of that sense of security which attaches to one whose foot is on his own property, the Captain paid little attention to this command, or menace, or whatever it be called, but quietly went about consummating the work before him. While in the act of stooping to arrange a box in the spring, so as to properly confine the water, he was dealt a terrific blow on the head by club in the hands of Charles Johnston, which prostrated him to the ground. Regaining his feet, he was again felled with the same instrument, and then it was that Mr. Myers ran to his assistance. The latter was speedily put on the defensive, when he drew a revolver and fired several shots. One of these took effect in the right side of James Johnston, entering in the neighborhood of the ribs and coming out a short distance below the shoulder-blade. Another struck a stone, and, glancing, hit a man named Francis Freidhoff just below the knee cap. Either wound is painful, but neither is thought to be absolutely dangerous. The other shots fell harmless. Mr. Friedhoff was a laborer in the employ of Captain Linton, and his wound is attributable to entirely accidental causes.

The chambers of Mr. Myers' pistol having been emptied, he beat a hasty retreat, closely followed by the wounded man Johnston, who, however, was unable to come up with him. The chase, we understand, was intercepted by some parties who chanced to be in the line of the pursuer and pursued.—Coatless and hatless, Mr. Myers fell back to Loretto, a distance of seven miles, when his wants in the line of wearing apparel were supplied by a friend. Next morning he returned to Summit and surrendered himself to the proper authorities. He was taken before Esquire Condon, who released him from custody on $500 bail. The Messrs. Johnston were also arrested and held in bail in the sum of $1,000 each.

Such, in brief, are the facts in the case so far as we have been able to gather them, and, as the case will come up before a judicial tribunal for trial next month, we forbear comment at this time. Suffice it to say that the affair all round was a sad one, and, viewing it as we do, one that might very easily have been avoided.

Captain Linton, it may be added, though roughly handled in the melee, was injured only to the extent of a few severe bruises.

MELLOR & HOENE'S PALACE OF MUSIC, PITTSBURGH, PA.—If any place deserves to be called a Palace of Music, it is certainly that of Mellor & Hoene, No. 79 Fifth avenue, for there can be no question that it is the most complete, most extensive and best appointed establishment of the kind in that city.

We have referred hundreds of times in our paper to this well known firm, and have given the strongest kind of recommendations of it, and of the pianos and organs represented by it—and we can say that all we have said and have promised of it, has been strictly preformed, as thousands of customers all over the country can testify with us. The pianos and organs they have furnished have always proved exactly what they were represented to be, and their prices have always been found to be as reasonable as reliable instruments could be sold at. We therefore take pleasure in speaking again of Messrs. Mellor & Hoene's establishment, and of recommending it to those parties who are in need of a piano or organ. The firm now deals in a greater number of first-class instruments than any other firm in that city. The following is the list: Chickering & Sons Pianos, Pazleton Bros. Pianos, Kranich & Bach Pianos, Haines Bros. Pianos, Behning & Diehl Pianos, Spangs Organs, Mason & Hamlin Organs, Vogel & Lincoln Organs, Shoninger & Co. Organs. Besides these standard makes they have always on hand cheaper grades of pianos and organs, and can always furnish a piano as low as $250.00, and a new organ as low as $50.00. And beside the great advantage of a spendid variety of instruments to select from, Mellor & Hoene offer another feature which they introduced in the piano and organ business some years ago. This is the monthly installment plan. In former years, a man had to pay cash down if he wanted a piano, or give a note, with or without security, just as the dealer required, and the whole price of the piano had to be paid in about six months. But Mellor & Hoene have changed all this state of things. The popular way of getting a piano or organ now, is the Monthly Installment Plan—that is, you make a moderate payment at the time of getting the instrument, and agree to pay a certain amount monthly until the price (previously agreed upon) is paid up; the time of these payments to run from one to two years, as you may desire. Here there is a plan by which even those in moderate circumstances can become the possessor of a piano or organ. This plan is especially convenient to those who have a regular income or salary, as teachers, mechanics, clerks, &c., and even to merchants and others who, though affluent, may not desired to take out at one time so much as the price of a piano. Again we cordially recommend those who want a piano or organ, to call on Mellor & Hoene, 79 Fifth avenue, or, if you live out of that city, write to them by postal card or otherwise, stating what you want, and you will get at once all the information you desire.

—Very Rev. Father Tuigg, the greatly beloved pastor of St. John's (Catholic) church, Altoona, was, on Friday evening last, presented by the pupils of St. John's Convent school with a silver card basket containing $50 in gold and about the same amount in greenbacks, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his promotion to the priesthood. The presentation address was delivered by Miss Josie Smith and responded to in a becoming mannerby the worthy recipient. A presentation of flowers and an address was also made by Misses N. Plack, L. Montgomery and M. Kelly, the assistant pastor, Father Gallagher, and Brother Williams, of the *Tribune*, each coming in for a very elaborate and beautiful bouquet. Music, songs and a sacred drama entitled "The Day of Jubilee, or the Angel of Spring," added their charms to the interesting and happy occasion.

—Alice Thompson, a sister of the man who was accidentally shot and killed on Brush mountain, near Altoona, on the 5th of last December, has brought suit against a man named Watts Rea for assault and battery with intent to kill, the charge being that he entered the residence of the plaintiff and made a dash for her father's throat with a pocket knife, besides cutting and slashing about her own person with the same weapon, much to the damage of her wearing apparal, meantime threatening to extinguish her lamp of life then and there without further ceremony. Both parties re- Altoona.

LIVER COMPLAINT—In this disease there is a peculiar cachectic condition of the blood which gives rise to a long train of diversified symptoms.

The countenance becomes sallow, the eyes have a yellowish tinge, the whole skin becomes changed in color and appearance, and not unfrequently terminate in a jaundiced condition of all the excretions, but especially the urine.

Dyspepsia soon sets in, sometimes coughs similating Consumption, Dropsy, with its usual symptoms of swelling of feet and legs —Asthmatic difficulties, Costiveness, Piles, &c. These many times so far change the symptoms in every other respect as to make it difficult for the physician to arrive at the true nature of the case by the pulse and tongue alone.

A mere ocular inspection of the urine in this disease, however, is nearly always sufficient to determine the nature of the case, and many times to give a very correct opinion of the *extent* of the mischief also.

The *melancholy* which is so apt to take place in Liver Complaint, has often led to erroneous treatment, and the worst of consequences have thus befallen the patient.

We have cured many cases of melancholy amounting even to "derangement of the mind," when the cause was plainly due to Liver Complaint alone.

In this disease, as in many others, the urine is so well marked as to denote the character of the disorder long before it is manifested by any other symptom or outward sign.

We have had the examination and treatment of so many cases of this disease and its complications that we have learned the kind of medicines to be used in each particular case not only—but feel satisfied that they can be treated more successfully *without* than *with*, any mercurial preparation whatever.

In fact, our success in this affection numbers thousands of cases, and reliable *cures* have been made in hundreds of instances, after nearly the last vestige of hope had been exhausted.

For the Benefit of those living at a distance laboring under Chronic Affections, and unable to attend in person, we would say: by sending a vial of *urine* for examination, the necessary medicines can be sent them by express.

Address DRS. OLDSHUE,
No. 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—A couple of Sundays ago Mr. Dexter Fales, aged 64 years, and his son, aged 15 years, residents of Covode, went to the Big Mahoning on a fishing expedition. They had been engaged in this occupation for some time, when they concluded to move further down the creek. The boy preceded his father, but after fishing awhile, noticed that his father, who had started after him, had not arrived. He started back to ascertain the cause of his delay, and had proceeded but a short distance when he was horrified to see his father lying on some rocks at the edge of the stream and just below a steep embankment. He hastened to him and found that he was dead, his neck having been broken by the fall. The lad summoned assistance, and the body was removed to the home of the deceased, where it was interred on Monday of last week.

THE PEOPLE WANT PROOF.—There is no medicine prescribed by Physicians, or sold by Druggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue as BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP for Severe Coughs, Colds settled on the Breast, Consumption, or any disease of the Throat or Lungs. A proof of that fact is that any person afflicted can get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try its wonderful effects before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced into this country from Germany, and its remarkable cures are astonishing every one that uses it. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore.

—"Stay," he said, his right arm around her waist, and her face expectantly turned to him, "shall it be the kiss pathetic, sympathetic, graphic, oriental, intellectual, paroxysmal, quick and dismal, slow and unctious, long and tedious, devotional, or what?" She said perhaps that would be the better way, but wished it to be distinctly understood that if he didn't order his wedding garments forthwith from S. J. Hess & Bro., 241 and 243 Main street, Johnstown, the kissing business would have to stop immediately, if not sooner. A fine stock of Spring goods just received by the above firm.

—He pressed her gentle form to his and whispered in her ear, if when he was far, far away, she'd shed for him a tear. He paused to hear a cheering word, his throbbing heart to cool, and with her rosy lips she said, "Oh Bill! you're sich a fool—for sure you know I love you weil, and that my heart for you o'erflows, every time you cut a swell in Murphy's fine store clothes." Star Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown, which is just now filled to repletion with an unsurpassable stock of Spring clothing of all styles, textures, sizes and prices—the latter being invariably of the very lowest order.

—Mr. Godfrey Wolf, the enterprising Altoona clothier, whose immense establishment is on Twelfth avenue, next door to the Post-office, has returned from the East and is now busy waiting upon his customers, showing them his mammoth new stock just received. Mr. Wolf's experience in the business, his good judgment and cash purchases, enable him to offer inducements to the public that cannot be excelled by any house in the city. By buying for cash he saves considerable and gives his customers the benefit of it all. Don't fail to call at once and see Mr. Wolf's stock.

THE IRON CITY COLLEGE is the only institution of the kind in this city that we recommend to the public patronage—*Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

HYMENEAL.

CUNNINGHAM—BURLEY.—Married, at the Catholic church, Carrolltown, on Tuesday, May 11th, by Rev. Adalbert Heidoner, Mr. WM. F. CUNNINGHAM and Miss DELILA A. BURLEY, both of Carroll township.

WESTRICH—STOLTZ.—Married, at the same place, on the same day, by Rev. Michael Hofmeyer, Mr. ANDREW WESTRICH, of Susquehanna township, and Miss BARBARA STOLTZ, of Carroll township.

BEARER—HAMMERSLY.—Married, at the same place, on Tuesday, May 18th, by Rev. A. Reuhner, Mr. FRANCIS J. BEARER and Miss ELIZABETH HAMMERSLY, both of Susquehanna township.

GRAY—NAGLE.—Married, at the same place, on the same day, by Rev. M. Hofmeyer, Mr. WM. A. GRAY and Miss AGNES NAGLE, both of Susquehanna township.

PATENTS PROCURED.

Also bought and sold. After procuring your Patents will sell them for you. Call on, or address for circular, O. D. LEVIS, Solicitor, 422 FIFTH AVENUE, (above Smithfield street,) PITTSBURGH, PA. [5-21.-6m.]

GOLDEN HARVEST FOR AGENTS.

$30 A WEEK made selling the 7 Wonders, or Gem Pastry Cup—wanted in every family. Send 35 cents for sample. Twenty other articles for agents. Address CONKLOIN & CO., No. 422 FIFTH AVENUE, (above Smithfield stree'.) PITTSBURGH, PA. [5-21.-6m]

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to WILLIAM COLE, of Carroll township, will please make immediate payment, and those having claims against him will present them to me for settlement.

W. J. BUCK,
Assignee of Wm. Cole.

Allegheny Twp., May 21, 1875.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.—Will be offered at Public Sale, at the residence of WILLIAM COLE, in Carroll township, on TUESDAY, JUNE 1ST, proximo, the following described personal property, to wit: 1 span of dark bay Stallions, three years old, 10 head heavy draught Horses, 2 Colts, 3 head Young Cattle, 12 sets heavy Harness, 1 double set Buggy Harness, 1 Threshing Machine, 1 Mower and Reaper, 1 Hay Rake, 2 Farm Wagons, 1 Spring Wagon, 1 Windmill, 1 Cutting-Box, Bob Sleds, and a great variety of Farming Utensils, Household Furniture, &c.

☞ Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M., and to continue until all the property is sold. Terms made known on day of sale.

May 21, 1875.-2t. W. J. BUCK, Assignee.

SHERIFF'S SALES.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon., Al. Vend. Expon., Fi. Fa.*, and *Al. Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 7th day of JUNE next, at one o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of J. K. Myers, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of F. Pitts, David Baum, John Westover, and others, containing 100 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story log house and a board stable, now in the occupancy of J. K. Myers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of E. B. Camp.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of George Mears, of, in and to the following tracts, to wit: A piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of Henry Weaver and Jacob Weaver, Wm. Brookbank, heirs of John Farren, and Jas. Burke, containing 425 acres, more or less, unimproved. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate at Portage Station, Washington township, Cambria county, fronting on Penn a Railroad and adjoining lots of Wm. Griffith, Philip Hepfer, and others, containing 2 acres, more or less, all cleared, having thereon erected a two story plank house, now in the occupancy of Jacob Flenner. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land situate in Summerhill township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of James Burke, Daniel Neff, Daniel Flenner, dec'd, and others, containing 220 acres, more or less, about 5 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a steam saw mill (not now occupied) and a two story plank house and board stable, now in the occupancy of Jacob Crum; a one-and-a-half story plank house and stable, not occupied; a two story double house, part plank and part log, and plank stable, now in the occupancy of Mrs. Margaret Cullin, and a two story plank house, not occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of W. M. Lloyd & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Elias Paul, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in the borough of Wilmore, Cambria county, fronting on Main street and adjoining lot of Sylvester Crum on one side and Joseph Miller on the other side, and running back to the Conemaugh river, having thereon erected a two story frame house and board stable, now in the occupancy of A. Chestnutwood, and a two story frame house in the occupancy of Mrs. McCormick. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of A. J. Hartzog.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Charles McGough, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in White township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Michael Sheehan, Thomas Witt, Andrew Burgoon, and others, containing 40 acres, more or less, about 12 acres cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house, not occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of William Little.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Reuben S. Boring, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of James Bennett and F. A. Shoemaker, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 10 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story frame house, log stable and blacksmith shop, now in the occupancy of George S. Boring. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lloyd & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of John S. Luther, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Barr township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Joseph Houck, Francis Luther, and others, containing 150 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story plank house, in the occupancy of Edward Weaver, and a two story plank house, frame barn and water saw mill, in the occupancy of John S. Luther. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lloyd & Co.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Thomas Rodgers, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, fronting on the Ebensburg and Carrolltown plank road and adjoining an alley on the west, Elias Jones on the north, containing 5 acres, more or less, all cleared and under fence, having thereon erected a two story frame house and board stable, in the occupancy of Thos. Rodgers, and a two story plank house, in the occupancy of Joseph Rodgers. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Geo. C. K. Zahm.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Philip W. Pringle, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Jackson township, Cambria county, beginning at a hemlock; thence by tract of Isaac Honser, 55° west, 160 perches, to a post; thence by tract of John Hubly, north 88°, west 78 perches, to a post on line of tract of John Wigton; thence by said old survey, north 339, west 180 perches, to a post; thence by land late of Alter & Replier, north 88°, east 158 perches, to the place of beginning, containing 127 acres and 80 perches, more or less, being part of a large tract of the late Jacob Rapp—having thereon erected a one story plank house, water saw mill, and board stable, now in the occupancy of P. W. Pringle. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co., endorsees of Wm. Sumner & Co. and others.

ALSO, all the right, title and interest of Joseph Ryan, (surviving executor of William Ryan, sr., dec'd,) of, in and to a piece or lot of ground situate in Loretto borough, Cambria county fronting on an alley on the south, St. Joseph street on the east, an alley on the west, and lot of Mrs. Katie Scanlan on the north, having thereon erected a one-and-a-half story frame house and frame stable, now in the occupancy of Henry Little. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for use of W. H. Sechler, guardian of Alfred J. Todd.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds on confirmation of the deed. HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, May 15, 1-75.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
OF VALUABLE
COAL AND TIMBER LAND.

BY VIRTUE of an *alias* order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at Lilly's Station, on the Pa. R. R., on

Saturday, June 5, 1875,

at 10 O'CLOCK, A. M., the following described Real Estate, to wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND,

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of the Cambria Mining and Manufacturing Co., heirs of Jeremiah McGonigle, and others, containing

Two Hundred and Ten Acres,

more or less, about FIFTEEN ACRES cleared, having thereon erected THREE TENANT HOUSES. The land is well timbered, and is underlaid with

Three Veins of Coal.

A four-foot vein is opened, and the coal is of superior quality for manufacturing purposes. It is so located as regards dip and drainage that the coal can be taken out at comparatively little expense. A tram-road connecting this land with the Pa. R. R. was built by Otho Stryner and the Mining and Manufacturing Co., at a cost of $7,000. The interest of the estate of Otho Stryner, dec'd, in said tramroad, will be sold with the land, or separately.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

F. M. GEORGE,
JOSEPH CRISTE,
[5-21.-3t.] Executors of OTHO STYNER, dec'd.

AGENTS WANTED!
MALE OR FEMALE.

For an article that sells well for a low price, at sight, to lady or gent. The goods will recommend themselves.

NO CAPITAL REQUIRED,

As we will furnish the goods to parties who can give satisfactory reference, to be paid for after they are sold.

E. SPENCER,
[5-14.-4t] 100 NASSAU ST., N. Y.

U. S. MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
WESTERN DISTRICT OF PENN'A,
PITTSBURGH, May 13, 1875.

This is to give notice that on the 11th day of May, A. D. 1875, a Warrant in Bankruptcy was issued against the estate of WASHINGTON SNYDERAKER, of Johnstown, in the County of Cambria, and State of Pennsylvania, who has been adjudged a Bankrupt upon his own petition; that the payment of any debts and delivery of any property belonging to such Bankrupt, to him or for his use, and the transfer of any property by him, are forbidden by law; that a meeting of the Creditors of said Bankrupt, to prove their debts, and to choose one or more Assignees of his Estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy, to be holden at the District Court House, Johnstown, before John Brotherline, Esq., Register, on the 10th day of JUNE, A. D. 1875, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

JOHN HALL,
[5-21.-2t.] U. S. Marshal, as Messenger.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of WM. PATTERSON, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Croyle township, Cambria county, having been issued to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are notified that payment must be made forthwith, and those having claims against the same will present them duly probated for settlement.

May 21.-6t. R. L. JOHNSTON, Adm'r.

FRANCIS MULVEHILL, VETERINARY SURGEON AND FARRIER.—All diseases of Horses and Cattle treated promptly, intelligently, and upon very moderate terms. Residence on High street, near the western extremity of Ebensburg. [5-14.-1t.]

HOUSEKEEPERS

Your attention is invited to the

NEW STOCK of CARPETS

NOW OPEN FOR

INSPECTION AND SALE!

At the POPULAR STORE of

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

Nos. 113 and 115 CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

BRUSSELS, Tapestry, INGRAIN,

Girthing, Rag, Hall, Stair, &c.

CALL AND SEE THE

NEW JAPANESE PATTERNS.

PLANING MILL FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offer at private sale the property recently occupied by the "Ebensburg Mining and Manufacturing Co.," situate in Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., consisting of

ONE ACRE OF GROUND,

fronting on the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad, having thereon erected a

LARGE PLANING MILL,

42x60 feet, three stories high, with Boiler Shed attached, 12x65 feet. The machinery consists of one

40-HORSE POWER ENGINE AND BOILER,

1 **Combined Planer**, 24 inches wide, for surfacing and grooving; 1 **Surface Planer**, 20 in. wide; 3 **Circular Rip Saws**, with lift tables; 2 **Circular Crosscut Saws**, with slide tables; 1 **Swing Circular Cross-Cut Saw**; 1 **Double Headed Shingle Machine**, with front frame; 1 **Centric Lathe**; 1 **Hand Lathe**, with complete set of Tools, 1 **Polishing Drum**; 12 feet long; 1 **Moulding Machine**, with slide heads. The above machinery, with necessary shafting, belting and pulleys, is in good working order, with an abundant supply of running water on the premises. Said building was erected especially for and has been used in the manufacture of flooring, siding, all kinds of handles, brush blocks, ballusters, etc. Cherry, ash, poplar, linn, sugar, beech, maple and white pine lumber to be had at moderate prices. There is also erected on the premises a

Two Story Frame Dwelling House

CONTAINING SIX ROOMS AND A CELLAR.

☞ For terms apply to

JOHN A. BLAIR, Ebensburg,
JOHN LEWIS,